and Graceful-Supposed to Have Been Theodosia Barr.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] A short time ago a New York paper printed a very pretty story, in which it is assumed that the grave of the "female stranger" at Alexandria, Va., is the resting-place of Theodosia Burr, only daugh-ter of the great Aaron Burr and wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. Atter his disgrace Aaron Burr went to Europe, but returned in 1812 and learned that the only daughter of his beloved Theodosia was killed. He loved and was beloved by no other person, and but for Theodosia he felt and said that he was "severed from the human race." So he urged Theodosia, who then resided in South Carolina, to come to him in Now York, and for the purpose of complying with his request she embarked on a small schooner, which was wrecked. All on board perished and the accepted theory is that Theodosia Burr found a watery grave in January, 1813. The "female stranger" did not die until October, 1816, when she "sighed out her latest breath" in the arms of her "disconsolate husband." Among the many unique and quaint inscriptions found in the old cemeteries of Alexandria no one of them, as boy or man, ever so fascinated me as did this: the only daughter of his beloved Theodo-

TOTHEMEMORY OF
A FEMALE STRANGER,
Whose morial siderings forminated on the
14th DAY OF COMER, 1816;
aged 23 years and 8 months.
This stone is placed here by her disconsolate
husband.
In whose arms she sighed out her
laiest breath.
and who, under Gol, did his utmost to
soothe the dull, cold ear of death.

How loved, how valued once availed thee To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
The all thou art and all-the proud shall be.

To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10th chapter, 43d verse.

Many years ago a citizen of Alexandria, in a werd but clever and interesting little book, published under the title of "Narrative of John Trust." gave to the world what purported to be the history of this "female stranger," and therein described

The known facts relating to the "female stranger" are but few and simple. At the close of the war I visited a great-grandant of mine, who was been, reared, and lived at Alexandria, and who was a recognized society leader there in the good days when all the balls and receptions of the national capital were given in that then famous and fashionable city. She had seen the "strangers," and perhaps knew more of them than any one living. One day, nearly thirty years ago, upon my return from the old cemetery. I took from the lines of this clear-headed, venerable lady the following:

"What I'd like to know," he muttered.

the following:

"In the early autumn of 1816, when this city was the best part of the District of Columbia, a gentleman and lady, supposed to be husband and wife, arrived at Alexandria and took a suite of rooms at the City Hoel, then the principal inn. I remember them well. The gentleman was travelled, scholarly, cultured, seemed possessed of ample fortune, and, aside from an occasional hour with other gentleman of clegant leisure, spent all his time with his wife. The lady was tall and graceful, accomplished in music and literature, dressed with exquisite taste, had most beautiful hands and feet, a voice of marvellous richness and tenderness, and conversed as one who understood the world, its history, hierafure, philosophy

General New 10th is hat, and wiped his fore "What I'd like to know," he must be we wish at Volke To like to know," he must be car go!"

A Sad Case.

[New York Heralt.]

Mrs. Bilder: Is your son who has to New York a good worker?

Mrs. Meakely: Oh, ves: he is ve dustrious. Why, in the last letter home he said that on arriving in New we went. But his wages must beautiful hands and feet, a voice of marvellous richness and tenderness, and conversed as one who understood the world, its history, hierafure, philosophy

General New 10th Review 1 is how in thunder the electricity in show in thunder the electricity in the car go!"

A Sad Case.

[New York Heralt.]

Mrs. Bilder: Is your son who has to New York a good worker?

Mrs. Meakely: Oh, ves: he is ve dustrious. Why, in the last letter he met a man who worked him for was worth. But his wages must be never to so the proposed worker?

A Sag Case.

[New York Heralt.] conversed as one who understood the world, its history, literature, philosophy music poetry, and religion. Occasionally they appeared together on the streets, at church, and in their long evening walks. church, and in their long evening walks. Neither ever told their names nor whence they came, nor why, nor do I remember that any questions were asked, exclusive and aristociatic as our people then were. People were not so meddlesome of so curious as now, and while we really knew nothing of them, yet they were so kind and good, so gentle and refined, that I think we all loved them. To us they were known simply as 'the strangers.'

REAVILY VEILED.

"The lady always took her meals in her rooms, which, in that day, excited no comment here, yet there was one, and only one, thing mysterious in her conduct—on all occasions she was heavily veiled, no citizen of Alexandria ever saw her face. After some weeks the lady was taken sick. From the fact that the most eminent physicians of Alexandria and Richmond were called to see her we knew she must be dangerously ill. No one had vouched for her, she was not a native of the Old Dominion, but she was a stranger, and she was sick. At that time I was about 28. You will know how to pardon the apparent vanity of an old lady of near fourscore when I tell you that I then occupied a prominent social position, and at my suggestion several ladies of the old families went with me to the hotel, where we tendered our services and offered to do all in our power to relieve and comfort her. We were assured both by the husband and the attending physicians that nothing could be done; that all she needed was quiet and rest, but that night more than one prayer went up for the sweet-voiced, veiled stranger. "The lady always took her meals in her handcuffs on him. Leaving him embons, which, in that day, excited no binment here, yet there was one, and station with ease. than one prayer went up for the sweet-voiced, veiled stranger.

LAID AT REST.

"Well, I never knew just what her disease was, but in a few days she died and was quietly laid at rest out in the old cemetery. The husband left Alexandria a few days after her burial without telling any one where he was going, and was never seen there afterward. I think it was in the summer of 1817 that the flat marble slab bearing the strange inscription was put over the grave in the night-time, and if any one here ever knew by whom it was done the public never found it out. Within a few weeks after this the landlord in whose hotel the 'strangers' had been guests received from some foreign country (just where he never told) a letter containing a draft for a good sum of money, with specific instructions as to letter containing a draft for a good sum or money, with specific instructions as to how a sufficient amount of the money should be expended in erecting around the grave a brick wall, surmounted by a cope stone, and that upon the stone should be erected an iron rail-ing so high that no one could get into the ing so high that no one could get into the grave. The money was spent as directed, and the top of the iron railing was about nine feet from the ground. Afterward reguiarly every year, until about 1835, money was received from the same source and spent in keeping the grave and enclosure in perfect condition. The remitances then ceased; the gentleman who had so long sent the money was supposed to be dead."

UNANSWEED.

And so this piteous and mystic inscription attracts attention and arouses the sympathetic curiosity of the visiter of the quaint, dreamy, historic old eity of Alexandria, and has for three quarters of a century. Why the mystery thrown about her coming, death, and burial?—why the enginatical, yet deeply pathetic words employed by the "disconsolate hushand"? are questions that all these years have not been answered, nor is it probable that they will be answered in the years to come.

The Disparch should stiffen up its back-The DISPATCH should stiffen up its back-bone and demand a general dog law. We join the demand of the Washington Pest that the politicians speak out. The Populists at least have the courage of their convictions and have through their leaders declared against dogs. We want to hear from other papers now and from the politicians.—Fredericksburg Free Lance.

We doubt the advisability of making a general dog law an issue in this campaign.

We doubt the advisability of making a general deg law an issue in this campaign. We have issues onough already.

For the present it would probably be wiser to add county after county to the list of those having special dog laws, and in good time we would thus have all the counties adapted to sheep husbandry covered by protective legislation—legislation that would tax worthless curs out of existence and encourage sheep owners.

"Don't bite off more than you can chaw" is not a very elegant maxim, but there is much wisdom in it.—Recemend Dispatch.

pa'ch.
To change the figure of speech—without

FEMALE STRANGER.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., HAS A MYSTERIOUS TOMBSTONE.

A Woman Sleeps Below, Young, Stately.

A Woman Sleeps Below, Young, Stately.

IT WAS VERY TEMPTING. A Bottle of Whiskey Old Enough to Be a Pro-War Relic.

Reston Journal.)

Thirty-six years ago a man named Jones, who was employed by Frank Lockwood, of Norwich, Conn., was at work on Mr. Lockwood's farm, and as a stimulant took out to the lot with him a pint flask of whiskey. During the morning Jones took one nip, and, seeing his employer coming he slipped the bottle in a hole into a tree standing near, intending to return and get it after Mr. Lockwood had gone home. When the opportunity came he was disgusted to find that the tree trunk was hollow and the bottle had fallen to the bottlem and probably broken. Jones related the incident to Mr. Lockwood some time afterward, who is uighed at the loss and thought no more about it.

Liest week, during a severe wind-storm, the old tree, now a rotten stump, was blown over. Monday Mr. Lockwood went out to haul away the trunk, and was surprised to find his former employee's whiskey flask safe and unbroken. He took out the cork, took onesmell. "And, sir," said he, "though I have been a teetotaler for nigh onto fifty years, I never was so tempted to take a taste of whiskey in my life as I was then. But I didn't, and the stuff is said the whiskey, when poured out, had the consistency and color of olive-oil. It will not be used as long as Mr. Lockwood holds it. (Boston Journal.)

Making It Clear.

[Chicago Tribune.] An old man from somewhere beyond the suburbs stood vesterday on a Forty-seventh street corner watching a trolley-car moving swiftly eastward with a heavy load of passengers.

"That's one of these 'lectric-cars, ain't tax" be said turing to a barred-looking.

it?" he said, turning to a bored-looking man who was leaning against a telegraph-

"Yes."
I don't see how lectricity can make a car full o' people flip along over the ground like that."
"You don't?" exclaimed the other, becoming interested. "Why, it's easy enough to see through when you once understand it." I 'xpect so, but I've never heard

"I 'xpect so, but I've never heard enough about it to understand it."
"it's all a matter of watts. A watt, don't you see, is a fraction of a horse-power, ex-pressed in the technical language of elec-trical engineering. You know what an am-pere is, don't you?"
"A what?"

what purported to be the history of this "female stranger," and therein described her as—
"Stately, yet graceful, her queenly form rose from the undulation which acknowledged my greeting. She seemed, indeed, the mould of form the human of elegance and grace before undreamed of. Her eve, a damond when she listened, flashed like a sword when she spoke. A Grecan nose, perfectly feminine in the fitness of its outline, relieved the masculine swelling of the upper hip and made woman the entire contour of her face. Her hair lay in its raven brilliancy as if it had been chiseled unon her noble forehead. On such features ropose wore an air of command and emotion took stateliness."

He describes her coming to Alexandria at a time when the seeds of death daily brought her nearer the sleep eternal, and says: "The latenes of the hospitable town were kind to her. They never asked her name or that of horfamily, for, said one of hitem, she is a stranger and sick—two letters of introduction from Heaven."

FASTS FEW AND SIMPLE.

The known facts relating to the "female stranger" are but few and simple. At the close of the war I visited a great-grandaunt of mine, who was born, leared, and hired at Alexandria, and who was a recognized society leader there in the good days when all the bails and receptions of the worth of the properties of the current goes back through it now?"

Learn faction of a horse-power, expressed in the technical language of electric processed in the technical language of electrics, and the technical language of electrics, and the very electric that goes the wat. The electricaty comes from the central dynamo through the wire you see running along overhead, runs down through the wire of the motor, which is an ingenieur processe

an underground wire. See through it now?"

"Y-yes. I think I kird o'get the idee."

The affable stranger strolled down the street and the old man took another look at the overhead wire, gazed earnestly in the direction in which the car had gone, took off his hat, and whied his forehead.

"What I'd like to know," he muttered, "is how in thunder the electricity makes the car go!"

Mrs. Bilder: Is your son who has gone to New York a good worker?

Mrs. Measely: Oh, yes; he is very industrious. Why, in the last letter he sent home he said that on arriving in New York he met a man who worked him for all howas worth. But his wages must have been roor, for he sent home for more maney.

General Neal Dow never tires of asserting that the "liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes." Now, if the General would abandon this assertion, which nobody believes, and declare that "intemperance is the gigantic folly of follies," every thinking man in the country would agree with him. agree with him.

A Man of Resources.

(Boston Traveller.) That was a shrewd policeman, who, having two quarrelsome drunken men to handle, managed to get the arms of one of them around a telegraph-note and to slin

Two Sad Sights. [Chicago Tribune,]

"There is no more piteous spectacle," observes the Washington Pool, "than that of a two-dollar man trying to fill a \$10,000 office." It is infinitely more piteous, it seems to us, to see a \$10,000 man trying to get a two-dollar office.

His Prospects Not Good.

(New York Weekty.)

Waterman: Who is that dude who has come here to board?

Wife: He says he is a marine painter.
Waterman: You'd better ask board in advance. All th' marines about here paint their own boats.

Amateur Gardening

[Puck-] Weary Raggles: Please, mister, can't you give me a little assistance? Mr. Newcomer: Dig up this garden and I'll give you 50 cents.

Weary Raggles: Better keep it, boss: you'll need it to buy vegetables with.

Hard Work. (Truth.)

"So you have a government clerkship, have you?

"Yes."
"Don't have to do not work, I suppose?"
"I don't, eh? I have to get my pay-war-rant every month and get it cashed."

Provoked Him. [Truth.]

Clara: Regy is very angry with you. Maud: What for? Clara: When you kissed him the other night you disarranged his hair.

A Vindictive Invalid.

(Texes Siftings.)

She: I saw your friend Johnson yesterday and he actually proposed to me in case you did not pull through.

He: He did, eh? It would serve him good and right if I were to die to-night.

Still She Was in Favor -! It. Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Watts: What, von don't mean to say that you do not believe in Sunday as a day of rest?

Mrs. Potts: I might if Mr. Potts was not so fond of good dinners.

Plenty of Company. Mrs. Slimdist: Don't you find it a little onesome sitting down to juncheon all

Bordaire: Oh, no; the cheese is here. Intuitive Knowledge.

"Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in natural history, "what is a panther?"
"A man that makthe panth," lisped Bobbie.

(Brooklyn Life.)

St. Peter: Come, get out your horn; I want you to go over to Philadeiphia.
Gabriel: Oh! Pil go, but I can tell you before I start that it won't do any good. Worn Out. "Hush, children, or you'll wake your

mother."
"Is she ill?"
"Only temporary prostration. She is just home from a bargain sale."

Why, He Would Catch Tarpon (Washington Post (Independent).) Suppose Hon. Matthew Stanley should reach Paradise on Sunday and the gates closed.

Exciting Adventures in War

and Peace.

As there seems to be much confusion in the minds of his friends as to the fact, I will say that Dr. Henry Gilmer, of Heal ing Springs, Bath county, is dead. He died some weeks ago at the Healing, where he had resided and practiced medicine for The Doctor was, in many respects, a re-

markable man. A braver man never lived than Dr. Henry Gilmer. Educated at "oid-field" schools, he never thought of medicine as a profession till he was high in his thirties. He then read medicine, attended lectures, and entered upon the practice of medicine somewhere about his 40th year. Seemingly cut out specially tor a doctor he soon achieved quite a success in his chosen profession, and for nearly a quarter of a century has been riding the mountains far and near in fulfilment of the duties of his calling. And his loss will be greatly felt and mourned over a wide section of that wild country, and especially in Bath county, where he was best known.

The Doctor was born and raised in

and especially in Bath county, where he was best known.

The Doctor was born and raised in Rockingham county, but drifted over the mountains west, where he has ever since resided—in Monroe, Greenbrier, and Bath counties. Although exempted by law, on account of his age, when the war broke out he volunteered in the Confederate service as aprivate, and served one year in that capacity with credit to himself and the service. As there was great home demand for doctors, his first year's service having expired, he remained with his people for the remained of the war, but he could not remain idle.

A WAR ADVENTURE.

A Was adventure.

A Was adventure.

A Federal picket being stationed near him, he and some friends conceived the idea of trying to capture that picket and proceeded to do it. They met at a given place and proceeded cautiously till they reached a certain point, where they were to set up a yell like so many Comanches and swoop down upon the picket and kill or capture it before it had time to horse. But the picket was awake and ready to mount and meet the charge half way. A pistol-ball from a Federal soldier struck the Doctor in the face just below his right nostril, knocked out four of his teeth, and sent him recing down the mill, where he was left for dead. He was found soon after the aftray by some friends in an unconscious condition, but he soon came to lite and consciousness. What became of the pistol-ball has never been found out. It carried with it back under the base of the pistol-bain has never been below of the skull one of the four teeth knocked out, which tooth was found about a year after the war by the writer imbedded, as above said, in the tegiments at the base of the skull, where it had been for nearly the skull, where it had been for death, three years. This experience lost him his right eye, and his health was never afterwards what might be called robust as it was before.

A HUNTING ACCIDENT.

Some years after this episode he was out hunting with some young Richmond bloods and, returning late in the evening to Healing, they stopped at the Hot Springs a few minutes, and the Doctor was lett to hold horses whilst the others got some re-hments. The guns (loaded) being freshments. The guns (loaded) bett strapped to the saddles and the borses b coming unruly, one of the guns was fired off and the whole load of buckshot passed off and the whole load of oursands passed through the Doctor's right wrist, tearing it almost into shreds. A council of three doctors sat upon that wrist and resolved that the hand would have to come off, but the Doctor said no; that he had brought that hand into the world when he came, and, God willing, he would take, it alone, with him when he wint, when he came, and, dod whiting, he went take it along with him when he went. The wound healed, but ever afterwards the wrist was stiff and immobile. There are other stories connected with the Doc-tor's life which would not be without in-terest—hunting stories and daring feats— but I must close here. G. K. G.

DOGBERRY IN TEXAS. The Judge Who Fined a Dead Man for Carrying a Revolver.

Down in Southwestern Texas, just about the midway between Houston in the cast and El Paso in the west, and very near the Rio Grande, the Southern Pactific railway has built over the Pecos river the highest bridge in the United States. Indeed, its bridge in the United States. Indeed, its bridge in the world—one in the Andes of Peru and the other in the Humalava Mountains. Just before this bridge was finished one of the workmen fell from it and was, of course, killed. The county judge was brought from Langtry, the town nearest to the bridge, to hold a crowner's 'quest.'' The judge arrived with a great concourse of people, all anxions to serve upon the jury. Proceedings were begun by examining the body of the dead man. Upon this were found a dial case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's again' the laws of Texas. He ain't there into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great State of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law and justice is justice, i fine him Sio for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.

Second Nature.

The pown in the west, and very near the Rio doubt this case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's again' the laws of Texas. He ain't there into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great State of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law and justice is justice, i fine him Sio for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.

Starboard Column.

Starboard Column.

Starboard Column.

Elsas as a romantic work, but mean time the compilation, in the course of centuries, had suffered the experience of a celebrated pair of hose which lost then work, but mean time the compilation, in the course of centuries, had suffered the experience of a celebrate had suff (Harper's Magazine,) Down in Southwestern Texas, just abou

[Texas Siltings.] "This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter of a Broad-way restaurant; "can't I have a little well-drilled automaton raised his

to a high pitch.
One air." he yells after a pause, add: "Let it be fresh!"

In Boston, of Course. Johnny: I wonder why - can't mak my kite fly? Elder Sister: Perhaps the candal ap-pendage is disproportionate to the super-ficial area.

ficial area.

Johnny: I don't think that's it. I be-lieve there isn't weight enough on the

An Important Element.

(Texas Siftings.)
Teacher: How many elements are there?
Little Boy: Water, fire, earth, air, and—
"There isn't any other element is

there?" Oh, yes, there is; there's the lawless element in Chicago."

Took Advantage. Took Advantage.

[Truth.]

Mrs. Peachblow: So you are going to the Stuvvesant reception. I thought you detested them.

Mrs. Periwinkle: I do, dear; but it is the only evening my cook will let me have out and, of course, I want to avail myself of it.

An Aggregation of Brains.

[Towson Union.]

Among the passengers on a York-road electric-car a few mornings ago were a bishop, a judge, a professor, an editor, a teacher, two civil engineers, a physician, and several other persons whose business or profession was not known.

[Texas Siftings.]

Visitor: What made you look at me so hard at supper. Tommy? I believe you were counting the biscuits I ate.

Papa said you couldn't count 'em, you ate so many.

The Milleton

An Ingrate.

Jack Ford: Did you see that girl cut me Jack Ford: Did you see that girl cut me then?
Frank Wilcox: I noticed she didn't bow. Jack Ford: And yet I saved her life.
Frank Wilcox: How?
Jack Ford: We were engaged and finally she said she'd rather die than marry me, so I let her off.

It Scattered Them.

(Trath.) Cholly: Fweddy, we can't get through this crowd.

Fweddy: Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with a parasol. We will followher.

A Natural Query.

Briggs: Did you year that Winger had married the president of a cooking school? Griggs: No. Where does he get his

In England, [Brooklyn Life.]

The Duchess: I suppose you have no-thing in America to compare with our English society? Miss Van D. (of New York): Oh, yes, your Grave; we have Philadelphia.

No Such Person. [Boston Heraid.]
The \$5,000,000 profits reported at Monts
ario indicate that the man who broke the

(Texas Siftings.)
Dudely: I want an elegant suit, something stunning, dontcher know? Pm go-

DR. HENRY GLMER.

In take you to make it?

Taulor: Three days.

"And what will it cost?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"All right. I'll give you my note at sixty days. When shall I come to try on the suit?"

A Bemarkab'y Brave and Good Man
"Come in sixty-three days."

"Come in sixty-three days."

"Come in sixty-three days."

"Come in sixty-three days."

Monticello and Mr. Lavy. SAN FRANCISCO.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Wilt you kindly inform several subscribers as to how Hon, Jefferson Levy came into possession of Monticello?
 Nationality and religion of said

would not State or government own-3. Would not State or government own-ership of this property be desirable, and has no effort ever been made in that direc-tion. Respectfully, etc., W. B. E. Monticello was left by Commodore Levy (who bought it from Barelay, who bought than Dr. Henry Gilmer. Educated at it at Mr. Jefferson's sale) to the United States to establish a school for the sons of warrant officers of the navy. In default of the United States accepting it it was left to the State of Virginia for the same pur-

> The United States did not accept it, but the State did, but in the mean time the war came on and Commodore Levy's will was attacked in New York by his heirs, and the New York court decided the will to be invalid. The heirs at a later date after the war

fileda bill for partition in the State court,

and the place was sold for partition. At

pose, and in default of the State's accept-

ance it was to go to a synagogue in Rich-

that sale Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, the present owner, purchased it. Mr. Levy was a nephew of Commodore Levy; he is an Israelite, and was born in New York State, but is now a citizen of Virginia. We do not know of any effort being made to acquire the property by the government. Probably State or Federal ownership would be desirable.

Ten Per Cent. Delinquent-Tax Penalty

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Has a county a right to charge 10 per cent, interest on delinquent tax in the State of Virginia where the legal rate is 6 per cent? It so, should the word interest or penalty be used?
Has a collector a right to charge an additional fee for calculating interest on delinquent tax? If so, would not 50-100 be exorbitant for calculating interest on \$2.32 for two months and twenty-one days?

\$2.22 for two months and twenty-one days? The owner of delinquent real estate desiring to redeem the same is charged by the State on its own behalf, and that of the county wherein it is located, into at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum from the date of sale, where the same has been "Whad yo' got, niggah?" "Whad yo' got yo se'f?" retorted Mr. sold or, if not sold, from the 15th day of December of the year wherein the taxes sold or, if not sold, from the 15th day of December of the year wherein the taxes accused. The charge of interest is in the nature of a penalty for the non-payment of the taxes when they became due. The law prohibiting persons from charging a law prohibiting persons from charging a of the taxes when they became due. The law prohibiting persons from charging a greater rate of interest than 6 per cent. is not applicable to the State.

2. For making statement, calculating interest, and receiving payment of taxes on any tract of land returned delinquent, the

law provides that the officer shall receive a fee of 50 cents, which is specific, and is not governed by the amount of the tax, whether large or small.

"The Arabian Nights."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Please tell me through your paper who is the author of the "Arabian Nights." "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" (Alf

Layah wa Laylah, "A Thousand Nights and a Night,"), in Christian lands, the best known product of Arabian literature. The name and plan of the work are very ancient. Masudi, in his famous history. Golden Meadows, written in 943, mentions the Persian Hezar Afsane, translated into and a Night. Mohammed-ibn-Ishaq, in his work, Al Fibris', written in 987, mentions the Persian work as well known to him. A quantum her Makers' from the National Research of the Makers' from the National Research of the Makers' from the National Research of the National quotation by Makrizi from Ibn Said of about 1250 mentions the *Thousand and Ons* Nights as a romantic work, but mean time

UNITED STATES. GREAT BRITAIN. 1. Blake. C. Australia. 3. Magnienue. 4. Tartar. Newark. Atianta. San Francisco, Bancroft. Bennington, Baltimore.

5. Dimitri Donakot 6. General Admira 7. Hynja. FRANCE. ARGENTINA.

8. Arethuse. 9. Hussard. 10. Jean Bart. 13. Nueve de Julio. HOLLAND. ITALY. 14. Van Speyk. GERMANY

15. Kaiserin Augusta. 16. Secadier. 13. Infanta Isabel 14. Reina Regenta 15. Nueva Espana UNITED STATES 17. Miantonomoh.

BRAZII. 6. Aquidaban. 17. Firadentes 18. Republica

Jokes at the Grocer's. [Chicago Tribune.]

"Have you any Gretna greens?" uired the facetious customer with quired the facetious customer with the basket on his arm. "No, sir," answered the grocer. "Nearest I can come to 'em is parlor matches. Anybody waiting on you, ma'am?"

That Dear Child Again.

One of the Twins (decidedly): One of us

The Other: Why?
The One of the Twins (accidency): One of us must accept him.
The Other: Why?
The One: Why, you know mamma is under obligations to his mother for that marmalade recept.

As Usual. [Texas Siftings.] "So my daughter has referred you to me, eh? Weil, I hardly understand it. She never consults me except in a finan-

"Well-ah-sir, that's just it," Naturally. "She dances divinely."
"Yes; seems to have music in her very sole."

A Sertorial Nocessity.

"I wonder that Funnyman doesn't get weary of always wearing the fool's cap." "To him it is a livethood." While travelling recently we met on the train a party of gentlemen, when the con-versation drifted to the subject of "south-

ern journalism "-the merits of journalists, some poor writers, but good editorsand vice versa. There were four States represented, each having his State pre-ference. One was an enthusiastic ad-mirer of TRE RICHMOND DISPATCH, and while they spoke for their respective fa-vorites, all heartily endorsed the great ability of this journal and voted it the leading southern paper. - Charlotte (N. C.)

to Pass Away De Time, but "Dat's

Gamblin'."

(New York Evening World.) At the regular meeting of the Thompson-Street Poker Club on Saturday evening, owing to the fact that both his eyes had that morning accidentally collided with the knuckles of the Rev. Mr. Thank,

ful Smith after a slight financial misunderstanding, and tor two hours he had lost every jackpot he had opened, Mr. Tooter Williams presented somewhat the aspect of gloom, Mr. Gus Johnson was just \$1.49 ahead, having had an unusually steady two-pair steak: Mr. Rube Jackson had 69 cents' worth of yelvet before him; Professor Brick was a Rube Jackson had 69 cents' worth of veivet before him; Professor Brick was a few coppers and a postage-stainp on the right side, and Mr. Williams, who was banking, was the only loser. It being his deal three kings wandered into his hand and might have proved effectual but for the side fact that everybody noticed the expression of his eye and fled. A jackpot was then in order, and after it had climbed to aces the players braced up and knew that the event of the evening had come. At that moment the door opened and the Rev. Mr. Smith, accompanied by a slight odor of hiscoughs, entered, took his seat behind Mr. Jackson's chair, and glared a renewal of the morning's nostilities at Mr. Williams. That gentleman haughtily refused to notice it, however, but opened the pot with a burst of chips which scared Mr. Johnson half to death. Professor Brick came in.

"Rise dat," said the Rev. Mr. Smith to Mr. Jackson. Then he whispered audibly; "Dem tree nines "il win dat pot sho,"

"M. Jackson slevated the pot as direct-

sho."

Mr. Jackson elevated the not as directed. Mr. Williams was delighted, for he had three jacks. He returned the raise.

"Rise him ag'in," commanded the Rev.
Mr. Smith, and then whispered as before:

Mr. Smith, and then whispered as before:
"Doan leggo dem nines."
Back came Mr. Williams, and then the
Rev. Smith counselled Mr. Jackson to
"jess call" and "see what dem nines ill
ketch in de draw."
Mr. Jackson wanted two cards, and
caught a pair of trays. Mr. Williams heid
up a king and drew one card, which, after
elaboracely comoing his hand, he discovered to be another king. The battle was
then resumed.

"Til back dem nines for all I'se wuff,"
said Mr. Smith, slipping his wallet into

said Mr. Smith, slipping his wallet into Mr. Jackson's hand. And so they went at each other until even Mr. Williams's new collar button was up, and he was forced

"We'se jess—jess loaded for bar."
"Whad's dad?" reiterated Mr. Williams,
turning as pale as he could. "Shope dem

Mr. Smith's only reply was to spread Mr. Jackson's hand out. It consisted mainly of queens, with a flavor of trays to give it strength. He then gathered in the pot and with Mr. Jackson quitted the room. Mr. Williams sat in deep thought. After a little he said: "I like de game for fun-jess-jess to pass away de time. But dat—"here Mr. Williams waved his hand towards the debris of the recent encounter, with the air of one inculcating a lotty moral—"dat's gamblin'!"

Decidedly.

Pipkin: Do you think there is anything

Suggestive. (Truth.)

Bar-Keeper: Do you want your beer in a oug? O'Toole: Of course. Bar-Keeper: Then all you have to do is

A Reasonable Request. Train Robber: Throw up your hands! ger: All right; if you'll just the emidrena minute—my wife's gone into the dining-car for a cup of tea.

A Slight Mistake. Turner: How did Weeks come to write

poetry? Wells: He had dyspepsia and for a long time he thought it was inspiration. Month Good Enough [Harper's Bazar.] "Please give me a few pennies to buy something to eat with?" said the beggar. "To eat with?" ejaculated the Bosto-nian. "What's the matter with your

mouth ?"

Democrat.

"Warm." Spencer: That Miss Gotrox owns all the ice-houses in the northern part of the State. What is she worth? Ferguson: She must be worth a cool

No Wonder.

[Truth.] Gummey: Miss Kittish's beauty is quite intexicating.
Gladders: That is because she smiles so

An Ostrich Tip. (Puck.) When the estrich is captured, He knows his mistap Means many a feather. In somebody's cap.

While travelling recently we met on the train a party of gentlemen, when the con-versation drifted to the subject of "southern journalism "-the merits of journal-18ts, some poor writers, but good editorsand tice versa. There were four States represented, each having his State pre ference. One was an enthusiastic admirer of The RICHMOND DISPATCH, and while they spoke for their respective favorites, all heartily endorsed the great ability of this journal and voted it the leading southern paper .- Charlotte (N. C.)

One of the Lazy Brigade. (Atlanta Constitution.)

The hazy days and daisy days-the lazy days have come;
The thunder's most too drowsy to be rollin' of its dram;
The clouds are driftin' over in a lollin'sort o' way.
An' the bees are in the clover, jes' a-dronin' all the day!

The jaybird's hardly fawin', as he pants from tree to tree.

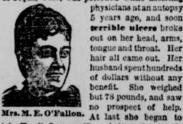
An' the black crows ain't a-cawin' jee' as lively as might be;

Fer it seems a time for sleepin'-jee' a dreamy sort o' sleep,

An' you don't care fer the reapin', if you've got
to make it reap!

An' when a feller's lazy, an' his soul is full o He'd rather be a daisy or a summer breeze in Than run the whole United States; we're doin' as we please, At home with June an' Georgia, an' jes' takin'

Blood Poisoning Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting



take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

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[my 10-W,F&Su,alr,iotp]

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